

You know the song, perhaps?"

"I've heard something like it," said Alice.

"It goes on, you know," the Hatter continued, "in this way:—

*Up above the world you fly,  
Like a tea-tray in the sky.  
Twinkle, twinkle—!"*

Here the Dormouse shook itself, and began singing in its sleep: "*Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, twinkle—*" and went on so long that they had to pinch it to make it stop.

"Well, I'd hardly finished the first verse," said the Hatter, "when the Queen bawled out 'He's murdering the time! Off with his head!'"

"How dreadfully savage!" exclaimed Alice.

"And ever since that," the Hatter went on in a mournful tone, "he wo'n't do a thing I ask! It's always six o'clock now."

A bright idea came into Alice's head. "Is that the reason so many tea-things are put out here?" she asked.

"Yes, that's it," said the Hatter with a sigh: "it's

always tea-time, and we've had these things between whiles."

"Then you keep moving the things," said Alice.

"Exactly so," said the Hatter, "but they've all been used up."

"But what happens when you've used up the things?" Alice ventured to ask.

"Suppose we change the things," said the Hatter, "and then we'll have a new set."

"I vote the young lady should do it," said the Hatter, yawning.

"I'm afraid I don't know how to do it," said Alice, alarmed at the proposal.

"Then the Dormouse will do it," said the Hatter, "and then we'll have a new set."

"Wake up, Dormouse!" said the Hatter, "and then we'll have a new set."

both sides at once.

The Dormouse slowly opened its eyes, "I was asleep," it said in a hoarse voice, "and I don't know what you fellows were saying."

"Tell us a story!" said the Hatter, "and then we'll have a new set."

"Yes, please do!" pleaded Alice, "and then we'll have a new set."

"And be quick about it," said the Hatter, "or you'll be asleep again before we know it."

"Once upon a time there were three sisters," the Dormouse began, "and they were very